

Home Reading.

My Own Shall Come.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind or tide or sea,
I have no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delay,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal way,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown
And gather up the fruit of tears.

The planets know their own and draw,
The tide returns to meet the sea;
I stand serene amidst nature's law,
And know my mind shall know me.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The dew falls on the thirsty leaf;
Nor time nor space nor deep nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs.

The Cream of our Exchanges.

"We had the pleasure of a flying visit from some big bugs last evening."

"A gentleman whose experience has been with crawling bugs, may be excused for mentioning his pleasure when they fly."

"A salubrious semicupium will be found conducive to health during the prevalence of weather surcharged with caloric."

"Precisely, but any hemiplegic man will find the eccentricity of his orbit spherically aberrated if he don't follow it with a mucilaginous effervescent."

"Found, a large folding store key, which the owner can have by calling at this office and paying for advertisement."

"Some stores close and some stores fold up. This particular store folds up when the proprietor leaves."

"The new uniforms of the three constables alternately doing duty on Bloomfield Avenue, is about as limited as that of the Zulus, though the latter discard clothing while the former adhere to citizens' dress."

"Yes; you may safely bet they do, in this hot weather. But alas and alack-a-day! it is the *Montclair Times* which is not an amateur journal, and which still says, 'uniforms is!'"

"There is at present a young man living in this town who carries on his scalp, as a birth mark, the first letter of his name. It is a perfect three-inch letter covered with short black hair, much darker in color than the other hair on the head, but when worn long hides the mark, but when cropped it is as plain as the brand on a Texas mule."

"That young man is a proof impression. When his head is shaved, it is perfectly plain that he ought to be locked up in due form."

"On Wednesday the horse of an old gentleman named Replodge, living in the Cove, got frightened at the cart at Boar Spring, and although the gentleman had taken the precaution to get out of his carriage and hold the horse by the bridle, the animal succeeded in knocking him down, dashing the carriage against a fence, and running off with Mrs. Replodge in the carriage, but finally came up standing or rather lying on the railroad, the lines having become tangled in the wheel; and winding up not only stopped the horse, but jerked it back so suddenly that both shafts were broken. Mrs. Replodge's escape was the more miraculous, as her bonnet was left dangling on a fence stake."

"We have tried hard to improve this item; but it is about good enough as it stands. If one could only have seen Mrs. Replodge with that bonnet of hers hung on a fence stake!"

"The merry note of blythe Bob White is heard in the early morn."

"Drops into poetry, he does! Did he get up early, or come home late? How is this?"

"Who do you suspect?"

"The man that stole the grammar out of the editor's desk."

"Water has been put into a number of houses during the past week."

"We know houses where water is put in every Spring and Fall, and where the head of the family thinks it is put in altogether too much."

"As the length of ladies' dresses becomes shorter and shorter in compliance with the dictates of inexorable fashion, the feelings of the unfortunate female with big feet are cast more and more upon the ragged edge."

"How feelings can be cast on a ragged edge, and how big feet can have much to do with it, we fail to see. But that must be the town where the ladies' shoes lap over the curbstone."

"It is to be hoped that the next party who undertakes to furnish the manager of this column with his ideas of a foreign country, will at least have some slight knowledge of his subject."

"Yes, it is. A fellow who doesn't know any more of his subject is slightly bamboozled in the consanguinity of his recollectiveness."

"In these June evenings, the music of the callopie, with its dulcet strains, so low and sweet, is gently wafted to the listening ear."

"A callopie is often and familiarly known as a steam whistle. This editor, living near some factory or railroad crossing, touchingly introduces us to his domestic skeleton. Or, stay!—perhaps this editor has a super-extra, reinforced, new baby."

"Ye local in rambling last week stopped at the hospitable home of Mr. R., and on leaving was presented by Mrs. R. with a very large melon weighing forty pounds, and was informed that the melon was small in comparison with some that had been plucked from the same vines this year."

"The language of the local editor in this paragraph is very incoherent. He is doubled up apparently by a special ad., but really by the melon. That is the sort of melon to raise in Jersey; you can't steal it without a horse and wagon."

Literary Notes.

UNDER THIS heading it is our intention to publish from time to time, reviews of new books and items of literary interest.

HOT PLOWSHARES: A NOVEL. By Albion W. Tourgee; author of "A Fool's Errand," etc. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert, 1883. 610 pp. Price, \$1.50.

There can be no possible doubt of Judge Tourgee's ability as a writer of fiction. He has a clean cut, graphic power of description, and a dramatic style of setting forth the incidents of a story, which make whatever he writes both readable and interesting. But he is even more than a novelist; he has the intense convictions of a man and a thinker. His legal knowledge and his political studies are pressed into the service of a scheme which is just now in progress. And this is his present work, a partly executed, series of American historical novels.

In "A Fool's Errand," he certainly struck a chord which affected the political issues of the last campaign far more than any other document or book that was issued. It had much the same influence, though not precisely of the same kind, as emanated from Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." To refuse to that book a most vital and inexhaustible power of information upon the questions of the time would be to blacken the face of history by point blank denial and discredit. It had its faults; it was occasionally more of a campaign speech than a work of fiction, but it did its work, and it made its author famous and powerful.

The present volume proceeds upon another path. Its scenes are laid in New York and Massachusetts and its period is that little-touched but most eventful era from 1848 to 1860. It deals with the elements in the North affected by Abolitionism and agitated by the Kansas struggle and the Fugitive Slave Law. It deals also with the elements in the South, in their misdirection, their ancient prejudice, and their occasional uplift into nobler thought and action. No one can fail in its perusal, to see that it is the production of a man whose various experiences have ripened his judgment, and given poise and calmness to his convictions of right. Its central theme is slavery, for this is the *omphalos* of every one of these novels. But the characters developed and the scenes portrayed are amazingly helpful to the memory, and amazingly instructive to the political reasoner who is to-day encountering the debris of the flood.

If we should add to this commendation that "Hot Plowshares" goes a long distance towards realizing the conception which we ourselves entertain of the true American work of fiction, we should be still within the truth. Such genuine fervor and such real passions and emotions are far more heroic, and far more certain to be of value, than any of Mr. Howells' acute dissections, or of Mr. James' languid portraits. This book has blood in it, and force, and life, and genuine power. It quickens the pulse, and animates the heart, and its more placid pages are invaluable as a manual of political history.

The character of Harrison Kortright—Dutch Yankee of the Mohawk Valley—is admirably sketched. So, too, is the correspondent figure of Merwyn Hargrove, the Southern planter. It is impossible in these few lines to do justice to not to believe that the author had prominent figures of a *finis* before him—at least we believe that we could almost name them. Miss Hunnival, the teacher, whose fine courage comes out so handsomely, and Gilbert Anderson, the brave clergyman, who rescues Amy Hargrove, are representative of the many many lesser individualities have been fused. It is the same with Jared Clarkson, who might stand for any one of several anti-slavery leaders, or who might be Greeley, Seward, and Passmore Williamson combined.

The plot of the story is simple enough. Harrison Kortright, assisting the presumed fugitive, Alida Elgime, is made an Abolitionist and assumes the disguise of his experience. Merwyn Hargrove's horses, in their sudden running away, are seized by the plucky lad, Martin Kortright, and the intimacy thus begun ends in the two men uniting their personal and property interests in a singular but strictly probable manner. The gist of the story is the attempt of Hargrove to carry out his half-brother George Elgime's wishes, and to free his slaves. But as Elgime has married a supposed quadroon, her two children and herself lose their legal rights at his death, and the complications which ensue introduce the Kansas difficulties and the attempt to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law. The narrative is full of incident; its conversations are now and then remarkably well sustained, particularly that between the lawyer Bartlemy and Hargrove (pp. 176 ff.) and that between Hargrove and Kortright (pp. 145-46). In dramatic skill the breaking of the road for election day (p. 20), the disaster to the Skendiah Mills (p. 361), and the attempted abduction of Alida (pp. 457 ff.) strike us as very masterly. The story is told in a very new half-forgotten "Neighbor Jackwood," we do not remember anything equal to this latter scene—and even in "Neighbor Jackwood" Mr. Trowbridge sinks from the height which he attains, although in no other novel that we recall is the actual life of the American so well described as in this book and in the one at present before us.

But Judge Tourgee does not falter. He keeps the interest strongly in hand all the way. It is only when he is finally gathering in the threads at the close of the book that he shows any confusion and evidence of carelessness. It can be said that now and again he is over-enthusiastic, but he has a great theme and the facts are in support of his earnestness. The actual blemishes are slight and few compared to the merits.

"Hot Plowshares" is not an everyday story. It needs this explanation of itself and of its motives. But to a reader who cares for vivid realism and for a proper historical reference which may make many things in the past plain to him, or may revive many old memories, it is a rare and attractive book. Its type and illustrations and general form are also good, and for the amount of its contents it is remarkably cheap in its price. We are sure that it will be no ephemeral work—although there are reasons which lead us to believe that it must have been prepared under the disadvantage of lack of leisure and pressure of other business. It remains upon the mind, after careful perusal, as a novel of genuine vigor and popular value.

WHAT'S THE MATTER? By Celia B. Whitehead. New York: W. B. Smith & Co. Pp. 120.

A bright, readable little brochure referring to neither the Indian nor the Irish problem, but to woman's dress. And inasmuch as it is written by one who, prompted by the courage of conviction,

wears the dress she advocates, it is entitled to a fair and respectful reading.

The writer, however, takes an ultra view of her subject. The corsets to which she refers are so tightly laced that one almost expects to hear the laces snap. The shoe heels she decries are the Frenchiest of the French—and she takes no heed of many women who yet, wearing corsets and heels, are not invalids.

There is no doubt in the mind of any thinking woman that something is the matter about the dress she wears. Skirts are far too heavy, for one thing, but we fear—fear did we say?—no! believe it is the word—we believe the day is far distant when the majority of women will consent to appear in the dress recommended by the author as follows:

"An upper dress cut in Princess or any other style, positively not to come within twelve inches of the ground."

Objections made of the same material as the dress, cut by an ordinary pattern—enlarged at the waist, and below the knee and gored at the ankle.

"Broad soled shoes, ten or eleven inches high and large enough at the top to receive the pants, which are to be tucked in them. With these boots wear socks, which are more convenient than stockings."

Also for the reform dress. Women with pretty feet are in the minority, and who ever saw the minority rule?

We are glad to see the author take a stand on the subject of calling "a spade a spade," and object to the ridiculous nicety which speaks of *lower limbs*.

The book abounds in bright thoughts and pointed sayings. Its writer wonders if French women would be so simple to exhibit the products of "the worm, the sheep, and the cotton plant." Thinks if the worm, the sheep, and the c. p. could know the estimation in which their products are held, they would feel flattered.

She suggests that "if skirts must be the distinction between masculine and feminine dress, and men are stronger than women, let the men wear them, for women are not able!" What a pity it is that women are not always logical!

In speaking of the sin of extravagance in dress, Mrs. Whitehead tells of a young girl, "who in a little country church which was in debt and whose pastor was poorly paid, saw ten prominent women, whose clothes and jewelry would have paid the church debt." So she concluded that "clothes and jewelry were of more account than anything else"—went to the city and bartered all else for "clothes and jewelry."

In Utopia, perhaps, people sell all and give to the poor. But this is not being customary here, because those "ten prominent women" did not do so why should that unreasonable girl's fall be laid at their door?

The writer is sincere in her convictions, but a very advanced thinker on the subject she handles. Perhaps Time, the wonder worker, will make women don the "blue costume, consisting of loose coat, skirt to the knee, and Turkish trousers," and *bestriding* their horses, in the manner advocated by herself, and Miss Anna Dickinson, set off for a ride in Central Park, or elsewhere. But Time will then be much older than he is now.

The book closes with the assurance that "women will soon outgrow petticoats as surely as tadpoles outgrow their pretty little tails, which wriggle so gracefully in the water."

We have received the June number of the *Bookkeeper*, and shall be always glad to see its intelligent countenance upon our table. It is a capital guide to purchase, and cost is very small. It is published by the American News Co.

Summer Schools of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.—1883.

I. ATLANTIC HIGHLANDS, New Jersey.
Thursday, August 2d, Lyman Abbott, D.D., Editor of the *Christian Union*, "The Theology of St. Paul."
Friday, August 3d, J. B. Thomas, D.D., Brooklyn, N. Y., "Darwin, Emerson, and the Gospel."

Saturday, August 4th, Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., Anniversary address before the annual meeting of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy.

Monday, August 6th, E. F. Burr, D.D., Lyme, Ct., "Certain Insignia of Organic Species."

Tuesday, August 7th, Rev. A. B. Bradford, Montclair, N. J., "Heredity, Environment, and Religion."

Atlantic Highlands is a very pleasant sea-shore resort, one hour from New York by steam. The accommodations for guests are ample and the charges reasonable. It can be visited by one returning the same day to New York, so as to have sufficient time to attend the lecture of the day. For a circular giving full information address Rev. J. E. Lake, B.D. Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

II. RICHFIELD SPRINGS, New York.
Tuesday, August 21st, J. H. Rylance, D.D., Rector of St. Mark's Church, N. Y., "Counter Currents."

Wednesday, August 23d, Henry Darling, D.D., LL.D., President of Hamilton College, "Natural Christianity."

Thursday, August 24th, Benjamin N. Martin, D.D., Professor of University of New York, "Design in the Elementary Structure of the World."

Friday, August 25th, Andrew D. White, LL.D., President of Cornell University, "Christianity and the Development of Criminal Procedure."

Saturday, August 26th, Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D., President of the Institute, "A Defence of the Superstitions of Science."

Monday, August 27th, Henry A. Buttz, D.D., President of Drew Theological Seminary, "Plato and St. John."

Tuesday, August 28th, Ransom B. Welch, D.D., LL.D., Professor Auburn Theological Seminary, "The Philosophy of Belief versus Drifting."

Wednesday, August 29th, Isaac Errett, D.D., editor of *The Christian Standard*, Cincinnati, O., "Discussion of the Leading Theories of Inspiration."

Thursday, August 30th, Francis L. Patton, D.D., LL.D., Professor Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J., "Some Recent Criticisms of Theistic Proof."

Friday, August 31st, A. P. Peabody, D. D., LL.D., Cambridge, Mass., "Beauty."

Richfield Springs is a place well known as a favorite summer resort. It is reached by rail from Utica on the New York Central Railroad. It is in a beautiful region, made classier by Cooper. For a pamphlet full of interest setting forth the attractions of the place, address Mr. Uriah Welch, St. Nicholas Hotel, New York.

After delivery, these lectures will be published in the *Journal of Philosophy*, published by E. B. Treat, 757 Broadway.

The White Mountain Land Slide.

The great land slide at the Franconia Hotel is graphically described by a correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*. The account will be of interest to all who are familiar with the scenery. The famous boulder has been swept away, as the writer notes, and the aspect of the Flume is materially changed.

"There had been heavy rains for several days previous to Wednesday. That morning about eleven o'clock, during the progress of a severe thunder shower, a rumbling commenced which shook the foundations of the Flume House and frightened the inmates. This lasted about forty minutes. When the clouds lifted, great land slides were seen to have occurred on Mt. Liberty and Mt. Flume. That on the latter, though the larger, did not descend to the valley."

"On Sunday the writer visited the scene. To the right of the bridge over the Pemigewasset River can be seen the passage which the rushing current had forced, carrying with it trunks of trees and huge rocks. Immediately above, several acres are covered twenty feet deep with debris, the stones varying in size from pebbles to boulders weighing many tons. Uprooted trees, stripped of their bark or twisted and broken like reeds are piled up in inextricable confusion. Even from a distance one misses the familiar boulder which for years has been held firmly in the Flume, like a nut in a pair of nut crackers. The smooth ledges just above and below the Flume are quite bare, showing that the debris sweeping through the narrow pass had carried with it the famous stone which is now indistinguishable from its neighbors. As the water had subsided considerably, it was not difficult to climb over the stones in what was formerly the bed of the brook, but now converted into a ravine a hundred feet wide, and thirty or forty feet deep. The rocky avalanche after meeting the Flume Brook had turned almost at right angle in order to follow its sinuous course. In one place the slide had divided, leaving the ground between the two branches untouched. The whole course of the slide suggested a glacier with its lateral and terminal moraines. Ascending the track of the slide for about two miles, its origin is seen in a gap half a mile long and several hundred feet wide on a steep slope of Mt. Liberty. Above is a bare overtopping ledge, and it was evident that the ground, loosened by the percolating water, had slid down, and, with continually increasing momentum, had carried all before it, with the result described."

"While the picturesqueness of the Flume is impaired, yet the interest to all who have seen the old Flume is much increased. As yet but few people have visited the spot, but during the next few months it will doubtless be the objective point of thousands."

"A. L. R."

"Boston, June 25, 1883."

A MEXICAN who had killed eight men was killed the other day in Monterey while trying to get away with the ninth. Some men want the earth.

The dirtiest man that you will encounter is the one that leaves a box of soap at your house for a few days. "Is it real good?" asked a lady of one of these soap venders; and then looking at him she added reflectively, "But, of course, you wouldn't know anything about it."

BUSINESS NOTICES.
Attention is called to the advertisement of the Grand Family Excursion to Greenwood Lake on Thursday, July 26. The fare for the round trip is 75 cents, which includes the sail on the Lake to Warwick Woodlands. Music will accompany the excursion.

THE excursion to Long Branch and Ocean Grove under the auspices of the Acme Association, takes place on next Wednesday, July 11. The train will leave Broad Street station of the Newark and New York Railroad at 9 A. M., which will allow parties desiring to participate from Bloomfield ample time in which to reach the depot. Eight hours will be allowed at the sea shore. Returning, the train will leave Ocean Grove at 7 P. M. Long Branch at 7:10, reaching Newark at 8:10 P. M. For full particulars connect with the 9:03 train from Bloomfield. See the advertisement for full particulars.

TIME TABLES,
Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL. LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD.
Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK.
Leave Montclair—6:03, 7:15, 7:55, 8:47, 9:52, 11:00 a.m.
12:50, 1:40, 3:40, 5:30, 6:10, 6:57, 8:15, 9:40, 11:05, 11:55 p.m.
Leave Bloomfield—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:51, 9:57, 11:05 a.m.
12:55, 1:45, 3:45, 5:35, 6:15, 7:35, 8:30, 9:45, 11:20, 12:10 p.m.
Arrive Newark—6:20, 7:30, 8:10, 9:40, 10:38, 11:18 a.m.
1:25, 1:55, 3:57, 5:17, 6:38, 7:30, 8:37, 10:08, 11:22, 12:21 p.m.
Arrive New York—6:30, 8:30, 9:40, 10:40, 11:50 a.m.
1:40, 2:30, 4:30, 5:50, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:55 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.
Leave New York—6:30, 7:30, 8:40, 9:40, 10:40 a.m.
12:10, 1:10, 3:40, 5:40, 6:50, 7:50, 8:50, 10:00, 11:00 p.m.
Leave Newark—6:40, 7:52, 8:10, 9:06, 10:13, 11:13 a.m.
1:13, 2:44, 4:13, 5:13, 6:13, 7:45, 8:45, 10:38, 11:28, 12:18 p.m.
Arrive Bloomfield—6:51, 7:53, 8:21, 9:17, 10:24, 11:24 a.m.
1:24, 2:55, 4:24, 5:24, 6:15, 7:35, 8:30, 9:41, 10:40, 11:40 p.m.
Arrive Montclair—6:54, 7:58, 8:26, 9:22, 10:29, 11:29 a.m.
1:29, 3:00, 4:29, 5:29, 6:20, 7:10, 8:05, 9:19, 10:35, 11:54 p.m.
May 14, 1883.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R.R.
Chambers and 3rd Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.
Leave Upper Montclair—6:25, 6:57, 7:49, 8:48, 10:47 a.m.
1:28, 4:45, 5:16, 6:50, 7:58 p.m.
Leave Montclair—6:33, 7:05, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m.
1:34, 4:50, 5:26, 6:55, 7:53 p.m.
Leave Bloomfield—6:38, 7:06, 7:56, 8:57, 10:56 a.m.
1:40, 4:55, 5:26, 6:58, 7:56 p.m.
Leave New York—6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 11:40 a.m.
2:25, 4:40, 5:55, 7:05 p.m.
Trains marked * will run Saturday nights only. Sunday trains from Montclair at 8:04 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.
Leave New York—6:00, 8:00, 12:00 a.m. 3:40, 4:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:00 p.m.
Arrive Bloomfield—6:40, 9:21 a.m. 12:43, 4:19, 5:21, 6:20, 7:05, 8:00 p.m.
Arrive Montclair—7:09, 9:25 a.m. 12:49, 4:24, 5:26, 6:20, 7:11, 8:06 p.m.
Arrive Upper Montclair—7:06, 9:29 a.m. 12:53, 4:23, 5:30, 6:41, 7:16, 8:50 p.m.
Also a Saturday train from New York at 12 p.m., for the accommodation of theatre-goers, arriving at Montclair at 12:25 a.m.
Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a.m. and 8:00 p.m.

FIFTH

Annual Excursion

OF THE

YOUNG MEN'S

Methodist Union

OCEAN GROVE

—AND—

Asbury Park,

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1883.

VIA

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Leaving Centre Street at 8:00 A. M., stopping at Market, Chestnut, and Emmett Streets, Elizabeth, and Long Branch.
Returning, leave Ocean Grove at 6 P. M.

Tickets, - One Dollar.

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Children Half Rate.

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Tickets and full information can be obtained at the depot.

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—AND—

OCEAN GROVE.

Second Annual Excursion

OF THE

Acme Association,

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1883,

Via Central R. R. of New Jersey.

Tickets, - One Dollar.
Children between 6 and 12 years, 50 cents.

Tickets for sale at John P. Sobert's Pharmacy, Bloomfield, and at the depot on the morning of the excursion.

Train leaves Broad Street Station, Newark and New York Railroad, 9:00 A. M. Returning, leave Ocean Grove 7:00 and Long Branch 7:10 P. M., affording 8 hours at the Beach.